

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

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APPRECIATING THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD

We remember a talk about what particular faculty one would most wisely choose to retain in full power up to the last moment of life, the senses, sight, hearing and the rest being taken for granted. The speaker suggested that the faculty of *wonder* was the one most to be desired.

Wonder is the handmaid of religion. In wonder lies the secret of perpetual youth, for, so long as we retain that faculty, we do not grow old with the multiplying years. Vital as wonder is, its place in life and religion probably is spoken of too little.

A reputed saying of Jesus mentions the importance of wonder. Some years ago two scraps of paper containing a number of short sayings were dug out of the sands of Egypt. The sayings were prefaced by the words: "Jesus saith." The rubbish heaps of Egypt have yielded all sorts of treasures and these papers are among the most priceless.

Before the Gospels were written "sayings of Jesus" doubtless were circulated and here we have a list that some early Christian used and pondered over. One of the sayings is about wonder.

"Let not the seeker . . . cease until he find, and when he has found he shall wonder, and wondering he shall reign and reigning he shall rest."

Jesus evidently recognized the place of wonder.

Apart from wonder men do not find the kingdom. That is doubtless no small part of the meaning of that other saying, "EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN, YE CANNOT ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

For a child the world is full of wonder, the glory has not faded into the light of common day. That is what makes a child so delightful a guide. It is as though for a child the world were born anew each day—as though the world were being seen for the first time. It is full of thrill and romance and joy.

A book like Lady Glenconner's *Sayings of the Children* has wonder at the heart of its charm. When a four-year-old is taken to the seaside, barefooted, bareheaded, he races down the shining sands, stretching out his hands toward the sea—wondering as he says "how God got it into His mind to make the sea."

Jesus has this secret of the child and the poet.

The spirit of wonder is in all He says. He seems to see the world and life afresh. That is specially noticeable in regard to common things.

The conventional view of grass was to regard it as a symbol of the brevity of life. Jesus sees the grass with new eyes. He marvels and rejoices over the wonder of it. His comparison of wild flowers to the glory of Solomon, is a distinctly original estimate. Jesus felt that the beauty of a wayside flower is incomparable. So a child might express thrilled admiration for a dandelion, before he has been told it is a weed! As Jesus speaks to Nicodemus of the mystery of the wind, its comings and its goings, the note of wonder is unmistakably felt in the words. Jesus would have rejoiced in the wonder revealed through the modern study of nature.

He would have been amazed that we miss so much of that wonder which is hidden openly everywhere. We handle it, walk

over it, pass by it every day, without seeing it, sometimes because no one has opened our eyes.

One day a scientist was looking through his microscope at a bit of heather when a ploughman came up to see what he was doing.

The scientist beckoned to him, and eagerly whispered: "Look, man, look!"

The ploughman stooped and looked for quite a time, then, standing erect again, brushed two tears from his weathered cheeks. Asked for the cause of the tears, he said: "Oh, as I looked I bethought me that my rough foot had crushed a million of them." Once his eyes had seen, it almost seemed sacrilege to carelessly trample upon such beauty.

One hardly ever does a kindlier service than to say, "Look, man, look!" to call some uninitiated one's attention to some bit of hidden beauty that otherwise he might never see. To share such visions is itself a great reward.

Bacon, it is said, reverently took off his hat on seeing the rain. Jesus also felt the wonder of it, not least the divine generosity of it, falling on the evil and on the good.

Jesus saw traits of character, acts of faith, of generosity, of courage, which passed unnoticed along the crowded ways of life and the wonder in His heart and eyes shone with a revealing power along those ways, showing up the brave generosity of the widow of the two mites, or the simple faith of a soldier. In most unexpected places He had the faculty of seeing the beauty of life.

"The Unknown Disciple" in the book of that name, said: "He marked that when He came among us, ordinary things seemed noteworthy, and common events had more rarity. The field flowers were more beautiful and the sky a deeper blue when He was near.

"Life when we saw it through His eyes, was full of divinity and held nothing meaningless or dull."

Not the least of Christ's problems arose through the absence of wonder in others, through the dullness that He called blindness. That was specially so in the case of official religion. The sense of wonder had gone out of it. It had lost its poetry and become a legalism.

It is a strange and tragic picture this of Jesus in the midst of that dull tradition, with His parables and paradoxes and word pictures, wonder and poetry running

through the whole! How few seemed able to respond! How little they made of it all! He had to try and stagger them out of their dull complacency.

True wonder is open eyed and open minded. It welcomes the fresh approach and the new light. But where it is absent suspicion and mistrust take its place. That was all too common an attitude among those who heard Jesus. Among us an even more prevalent attitude is one of dull acquiescence. Those words of Jesus, thrown into forms designed to startle men into interest, by their daring unexpectedness, too often fail to kindle us! Familiarity seems to blind!

A well known preacher said recently that he wished he could preach to a congregation that had never heard the story of the Prodigal Son, that he might have the element of wonder and amazement present in his hearers. It would make all the difference provided it was found in pulpit as well as pew.

The note of wonder seems to be an authentic mark of any full Christian experience.

The note is heard right through the New Testament. It is the undertone in all the writings of Paul. The longer he meditates on the grace of God, the more amazing it seems. "O, THE DEPTH OF THE RICHES BOTH OF THE WISDOM AND THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD!" The riches are unsearchable! The gift is unspeakable!

"They had not thought," says one, "that God could be so human or come so near or that they could ever be so much at rest in His company."

In Christ they found God coming out of inaccessible distances and drawing indescribably near. The befriending Presence had changed the whole world for them, and they never ceased to wonder.

"Say what you will," wrote Pascal, "there is something in the Christian religion which is astonishing."

That is the wonder of God's redeeming grace, that man can be lifted out of his weakness and sin, that "the past may be all forgiven, the present filled with power and the future filled with hope." His name, said one prophet, shall be called wonderful, and so in experience it has proved.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho sure, with seeming diffidence.

—*Pope.*

GOOD HEALTH NOTES

The Sick Child at Home

Since much of the successful care of children in illness depends on their co-operation, should not more emphasis be put on ways of gaining it?

A prominent Chicago pediatrician says, very wisely, "The habit of bed rest should be established with a child's first illness—let a youngster learn to associate rest with physical discomfort." It is also necessary that children, through the growing-up process, which goes on in spite of illness, be reckoned with as socially and mentally normal beings who are awake to life about them and eager to live it.

Home care, like hospital care, must bring physical comfort to the patient through satisfactory equipment, and must be worked out in a routine. The routine can depend on mother's and other responsibilities provided she bears in mind that rest precedes feeding time, sleep reasonably following feeding time, and play through which children learn, must be planned for within the child's capacity for emotional and physical exertion.

Home-made bed rests of heavy canvas, and oil-cloth covered orange crates for bed tables can be supplied in any home. Playthings that can be depended upon to furnish the "something worthwhile to do" will help to eliminate the restlessness and discontent that we unknowing adults call "naughtiness." Naughtiness is just the result of nothing more interesting to do. Let these toys include make-believe possibilities, like families of dolls, and colorful building blocks for castles. Making useful articles of raffia, yarns or cardboard are wise provided mother again reckons with the mental age of her child, remembering that little fingers need large tools and that joy comes to little people more from the results accomplished than from the process of work. Something to show from the process that is not too difficult, and that cannot go wrong, makes the best "busy work" for children whose energies must not be taxed too greatly.

Children make companions of picture book people. They need some substitution for the real playfellow until he can be permitted. Often a short visit from a pal can do much more good than harm in keeping a sick child in a reasonably happy frame of mind.

Early convalescent days should mean providing a chair and table adequate to the child's size, something he can get into and out of without help. Let him play with large crayons and long-handled paint brushes, making anything he wants to whether it ever can have a name or not. Sand boxes, sieves, cash registers, turn these busy little people into store-keepers. Games of mystery and magic give their egos a tremendous boost, especially those children who through long illnesses have begun to feel inadequate.

Happy responses from children depend on the attitudes of their parents in illness or in health. A playful attitude that makes a game of anything that has to be done, whether it is resting or romping, brings the parent into a relationship of comradeship and understanding that can not help but bring about co-operation when illnesses have to be coped with.

Of course it is unnecessary to remind parents of the great value of having the children looked over at regular intervals by the family doctor in an effort to cut down sickness.

—By Janet Burgoon, Hull House, Chicago, Ill. (Gorgas Memorial Institute) in Boston Globe.

SCHOOL CLOTHES

If you want to have your children's school clothes keep in condition as long as possible, make a rule that your children shall change to play clothes as soon as they have come home and are ready for romping. This is very helpful for little children still in wash clothes unless you can afford to have a freshly laundered frock or suit every day in the week.

You may think this matter of dressing your children for school a great nuisance. But it really is part of the value of school training. In later life it is important for men and women to appear neat and trim every day and the sooner this becomes second nature the better for the child.

—Selected.

Most of us have explosives stored away inside of us—instincts, impulses and all that sort of thing that won't stand too much bottling up.—Winston Churchill.

We can live without a brother but not without a friend.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

OFFERS

For the following books, apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, Chairman, 29 High St., Montclair, N. J.

The Heart of Philura—Florence Kingsley
The Yeoman Adventurer—Geo. Gough
White Motley—Max Pemberton
Jaconetta—M. E. M. Davis
The Colfax Book-plate—Agnes Miller
Old Friends—Andrew Lang
Christine Thornton (an Easter story)—By E. R.
The Outcasts (an animal story)—W. A. Fraser
The Ford—Mary Austin
Ten Degrees Backward—Ellen Fowler
Boy's Book of Railways—Howden
The Quaint Companions—Leonard Merrick
The Earnest Communicant—Rev. A. Oxenden, D.D.
College Men and the Bible—C. S. Cooper
Webster's Handy Dictionary (small)
Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow—Jerome K. Jerome
Concerning All of Us—T. W. Higginson
Hyperion—Longfellow
The Vegetable Garden. What, When, How to Plant

How the World is Housed—F. G. Carpenter
Business Power—F. C. Haddock
The Nutrition of Man—Crittenden
Great Disasters in History—Godbey
Christian Science Hymnal
Productive Farming—Kary Davis
Labor in Politics—Chas. N. Fay
The Cost of Living—Walter Clark
Hints to Horse Keepers (1850)
Color and its Applications—Luckiesh
School and Field Book of Botany—Gray
The Basis of Durable Peace—Cosmos
Power of Will—Frank C. Haddock
An American Tragedy—Dreiser
Black Beauty—Sewell
A Child's History of England—Dickens
Ministering Children—Maria Charlesworth
Break in Training (for boys)—Ruhl
Alexander the Great—Jacob Abbott
Tour of the World in 80 Days—Jules Verne
Album of Designs
Harper Essays
Besides the Bonnie Briar Bush—Maclaren
Epworth Hymnal Nos. 1 and 2
He Took it Upon Himself—Marg. Slattery
The School Hymnal for Worship of Young People
Spiritual Readings
The Life of the Christian—G. C. Morgan

- Daybreak in the Dark Continent—Naylor
 The Kingdom and the Nations—Eric North
 American Red Cross Textbook
 New Days in Latin America—Browning
 Letters on World Tour of Men and Religion Forward Movement—Fred Smith
 Dawn on the Hills of Fang (Missions in China)—Harlan Beach
 Faith (text for days of the month)
 Selections from the Bible
 The Practice of Religion—Knowies
 Book of Common Prayer
 Each in His Own Tongue—Carruth
 Constitution of the United States
 A Handbook of Oral Reading—Bassett
 The Seven Creative Principles—Butler
 (Lectures to the Society for Esoteric Culture)
 Outlines of Bible History, Part I—Goodrich
 First Base Faulkner—Mathewson
 The Masters of the Peaks—Altsheler
 In Wild Rose Time—Amanda Douglas
 I'll Show You the Town—Elmer Davis
 In the Golden Days (a novel)—Edna Lyall
 The Motor Boys Overland—Clarence Young
 On the Heights of Himalay—Van der Naillen
 The Big Strike at Siwash—Geo. Fitch
 Fourth Down—Barbour
 Rex Kingdom in the North Woods—Brad-dock
 Our Young Aeroplane Scouts—Horace Porter
 Jane—Marie Corelli
 The Master of the Inn—Robert Herrick
 Rip Van Winkle and Other Essays—Irving
 Reveries of a Bachelor—Ik. Marvel
 Connie Morgan in the Cattle Country—Hendryx
 Bob Cook's Brother in the Trenches—Tomlinson
 Amor Victor—Orr Kenyon
 Campmates in Michigan—Rathborne
 The Further Adventures of Jimmie Dale—Packard
 The House of Seven Gables—Hawthorne
 Tabby's Defence—Elliot
 Gold Elsie—Marlitt
 Inside the Cup—Churchill
 Verena in the Midst—Lucas
 Wilt Thou Torchy—Sewell Ford
 Men of Invention and Industry—Samuel Smiles
 Library of Travel—Arabia—Bayard Taylor
 The Human Mechanism—Hough and Sedgwick
 Principles of Dog Training
 Descriptive Chemistry—Newell
 Letters of Travel—Phillips Brooks
 A Short History of England—Cheyney
 "Mademoiselle Miss"
 Electric Lighting—Crocker
 The Grizzly King—James Oliver Curwood
 Left Half Harmon—Barbour
 The Quest of Youth (a boy's story)—Jeffery Farnol
 Connie Morgan in the Fur Country—Hendryx
 The Forge in the Forest—Chas. C. D. Roberts
 Young Nemesis—Bullen
 The Circus Boys on the Flying Rings—Darlington
 The Boy Scouts of the Geological Survey—Robert Shaler
 Mopsa the Fairy—Jean Ingelow
 The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten—Oliver Herford
 The Sword of Youth—James Lane Allen
 A Christmas Carol—Charles Dickens
 Hamlet (The Temple Shakespeare)
 Idylls of the King—Tennyson
 Dickens Day by Day
 Prying Polly and Other Stories
 The Seashore Book—Bob and Betty's Summer with Capt. Hawes—Boyd Smith
 The Months—Bird pictures
 The English Poets—Ben Jonson to Dryden
 Villette—Charlotte Brontë
 Yellow Plush Papers, etc.—Thackeray
 Catherine—Thackeray
 Prologue to Canterbury Tales
 A Thought of You—Grover
 Red Pottage (a novel)—Mary Cholmondeley
 Wee Wisdom Year-Book
 Rosamond Tales—Reynolds
 Four Famous American Writers—Cody
 Lippincott's Spelling Book—Grades I-VIII
 New-World Speller—First Book
 Dubbs' Arithmetical Problems—Part One
 Dubbs' Arithmetical Problems—Part Two
 New Stone-Mills Arithmetic—Book Two
 Complete School Algebra—Hawkes-Luby-Touton
 Elementary English Composition—Scott and Denney
 Steps in English—Book I—Morrow, McLean, Blaisdell
 Building with Words—Elementary Grammar and Composition—Ball
 The Minor Arts (Art at Home)—Leland
 Goethe's Torquato Tasso
 Annual of American Insurance Thought
 Tactical Principles and Problems—Hanna
 Year Book New York Society of Architects (1919-20)
 Live and Learn—Washington Gladden

American Methods in Foreign Trade (1919)
—Vedder
Elementary Lessons in Electricity and
Magnetism—Thompson
World Almanac 1924-1926

APPEALS

1. I am very lonely and would appreciate some good reading and quilt pieces. I have no father or mother and live with my aunt and uncle. The work at home deprives me of meeting young people of my own age. Miss Fannie McCoy, Green Cove, Va.

2. Just a few lines to tell the dear folks that I have moved from Leo, Texas, to Route 1, Era, Texas, and also to thank all for past favors. The reading matter has been very helpful, and I hope I shall be remembered with more good reading and some embroidery thread. Our crops have been cut short on account of the drought and it is just awful to think of it. Mrs. J. M. Langston, R. 1, Era, Texas.

3. Mrs. Dillard Gilley, Route 1, Critz, Va., lives on a farm a long way from the main road. She is 40 years old and has four children, two boys and two girls. Some reading and letters would cheer her a bit, and a few quilt scraps.

4. This is my first letter to the Exchange. I am 47 years old and my husband is 60. Our daughter is 16 and we have an adopted baby who will be two years old on January 20. We are in poor health and I hope the *Cheerful Letter* friends will send some reading material and something to amuse the baby. Mrs. H. L. Lloyd, 706 12th St., S. E., Roanoke, Va.

5. Mrs. Forrest Martin, Route 3, Waxahachie, Texas, would like these books: "Sea Wolf," "Judith of Goddess Valley" and "Black Oxen."

6. I haven't heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long time. A long winter is ahead of us and I hope someone will send some good reading and pictures for my little grandsons. My husband and boys are away all day. Mrs. J. T. Wilmer, Box 471, Buena Vista, Va.

7. Mrs. Tom Saunders, Tellico Plains, Tenn., wishes to thank those that have remembered her and writes also that her husband has the "flu" and would like something to read. Mrs. Saunders would like pieces of cloth and some thread. She can only do sitting work.

8. It has been a long time since I wrote to the Exchange and I hope I have not been

forgotten. I would appreciate anything for cheer or pastime. I have lost track of a Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Huckins, and I would like to hear from them. Mrs. Owen Watson, Leo, Cooke Co., Texas.

9. I am 14 years of age. My mother has nine children, the youngest just one week old. Daddy has to work hard to keep us in school and the rent is so high we do not have means to buy any books. I shall be thankful if some dear friend will write me a good letter and send me reading for myself and sisters. There are two girls older than I. I could make quilts if I had some pieces. Mary Lefler, Ansonville, N. C.

10. Mrs. Verda Lester, R. F. D. 2, Price, N. C., has one girl, age 13, and four boys, ages 10, 8, 6 and 4. She would appreciate something for the children and some quilt pieces for herself. She says the farmers are having the hardest time ever. In closing, Mrs. Lester mentions that the children like to read.

11. I live in a very lonely place and being an invalid I get so lonesome. I seldom go out and wonder if the ladies will send me some reading and a few pieces for patch work to help pass the long winter. Mrs. Charles Neaves, Route 2, Box 79, Grassy Creek, N. C.

12. My husband died the first day of June and I haven't been able to go much. I haven't heard from you for a long time, and I would like some sewing material if possible. One of my girls goes to school so books or magazines would be nice. There are six of us. Mrs. Lydia E. Farmer, R. F. D. 1, Box 50, Rugby, Va.

13. Mrs. Mary Moran, Route 1, Bennett, N. C., writes to thank all for the good reading and quilt pieces. She has enjoyed them so much and hopes her friends will not forget her during the long winter with some kind of cheer. She is still able to get out but very little.

14. I have left the N. C. Sanitarium and want you to know I am trying to finish the cure at home. I could not afford to stay at the hospital longer. The cheer you sent me was lovely and I can now use some quilt pieces and please don't forget my two-year-old baby. Mrs. Ornie Tyson Davis, Box 213, Ansonville, N. C.

15. Mrs. W. R. Eaves, Route 2, Bassett, Va., comes again asking to please be remembered these cold lonely days. She enjoys piecing quilts and reading of any kind. It has been a long time since she has heard from any of the members.

16. I hope you will pardon my intrusion, but I have heard about such nice things the *Cheerful Letter* friends do, through my sister. I wonder if I could have some quilt pieces and some books and magazines. My husband has T.B. and can't do much work and our crops are ruined this year. We have five children: girls 18 and 2; boys, 15, 6 and 4; so you can see a little bit of cheer will mean a great deal to us. My husband's father, age 84, is coming to live with us. An added care but I will enjoy him very much because I love him dearly. Gratefully yours, Mrs. Linda Johnson, Deer, Arkansas.

17. Mrs. Otis G. Kilby of Grant, Va., writes that she has been married over two years. She is twenty years old and has one little girl. She would enjoy getting letters, also quilt pieces and embroidery thread.

18. Mrs. Gladys Wilson, R. 1, Decatur, Tenn., has three small children, under five years. She says she would enjoy a few cards for the children, also quilt scraps for herself. She would like someone to write to her.

19. For ten years I have lived here in the Boston Mountains of Arkansas. They are rough but beautiful. I am fifty-seven years old and take care of an invalid mother. In the winter I am shut in. I would enjoy reading and quilt pieces. Mrs. Lula Oglivie, Rocky Hill, Ark.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Pearl Hooker, from Sandy Ridge, N. C., to Madison, N. C., c/o J. B. Price.

Mrs. Ornie T. Davis is home again from the N. C. Sanitarium. Her address is Box 213, Ansonville, N. C.

Mrs. J. M. Langston, from Leo, Texas, to Era, Texas, R. 1.

Mrs. Annie Swain, from Portales, New Mexico, to Melrose, New Mexico.

WOMAN'S WORK

Bending down low over soft sleeping faces;
Washing and kissing and loving them all;
Teaching them fine little courteous graces;
Building up memories for them to recall;
Making them laugh at the end of each tumble;
Giving them rest, thus preserving their poise;
Helping them never to fret or to grumble;
Keeping up spirits while toning down noise;
Soothing hurt feelings, yet fixing no blame;
Planning a pleasure where duty must lurk;
Making them sportsmen in life's every game;
Forming true humans—and that's woman's work.

—Selected.

FORESTRY AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN

Now that the rugged pioneer type of forestry official is of the past, and new personalities, theories, methods and practice are replacing old standards, there is no technical side of forest administration, maintenance and protection, and but an inconsiderable amount of the practical side, which are beyond the abilities of a woman receiving the identical forestry training as her brothers. The main disadvantage which has always been offered was that she could not very well be included in camp personnel with men gaining the practical knowledge of silvics and silviculture. Convention, as well as her traditional lack of endurance, forbade including her on the extended field excursions of reconnaissance, reforestation and field studies crews.

There is now no reason why in this day of out-door preparedness a couple or group of serious-minded young women desiring to obtain the practical side of forestry training in actual field work should be ineligible to maintain their own part of the camp in charge of the same forestry official. Women clerks and stenographers assigned to national forest supervisors' headquarters have in numerous instances, either by way of duty or at their own pleasure, gone out under camp conditions maintained by the Forest Service, to gain further and firsthand insight along their line of work. They have also for periods at a time, because of their familiarity with the policies of the service, been assigned to act in the capacity of executive field officials, and their judgment, decisions and actions upheld in the carrying out of these duties. The women-folk of local and visiting forest officials and rangers in charge of crews also on occasions accompany their men over these field trips during all or a part of the season. And it is well enough known that many a city-soft male student, less physically robust than the average athletic type of college girl, is accepted.

Technical Training Desired

The Forest Service picks its force mostly from college forestry graduates. These have probably spent their junior and senior summer vacations under appointment as student assistants on reconnaissance, reforestation, insect control or range and other study crews on some national forest. After graduation they look forward to entering the service by passing the usual competitive civil service examination, and are permanently assigned to a supervisor's headquarters office. Since the Government offers the

best post-training of any toward a future forestry career, one or several years in the Forest Service is considered a valuable grounding.

Because of the number of graduate forestry students which colleges have been turning out of recent years, rangers and forest guards with only practical training are gradually being replaced with a technical force. These posts involve physical activity and even some labor all the year round. They include fire patrol, game protection, trail and tree line telephone construction, brush thinning, stock tending, fire fighting, and through the winter, report making, timber marking, and the general work of finishing for one season and preparing for the next. In all of which, and more, have their womenfolk participated, both as a matter of course and in emergencies.

Nor is the seemingly romantic lookout job a summer's idyl. For the technically trained mind it may call somewhat, with no requirement but a constantly watchful eye kept over the country below, and periodical trips with the water pail down the gulch to the spring, and weekly visits of the supplies pack-mule. No books nor fancywork may divert the hours, for almost imperceptible smoke haze unnoticed for the space of half an hour, can belch into ominous volume even while telephone connections are being put through to supervisor and ranger.

A Personal Experience

The writer has herself been assigned to several national forests, and two district offices, under a clerical rating, for some years, and found her own scope of duties most elastic. Typing correspondence and reports, outlining and coloring classification maps, interpreting survey and land description notes into graphic form, tracing grazing allotments and homestead boundaries and mounting herbarium specimens indoors through the winter beside the roaring, genial wood burner, supplemented a long spring, summer and fall season of busy in- and out-door activities. Nor was it thought at all unfeminine and beyond the strength and intelligence of either sex, whose time and whereabouts warranted, to help count stock into the forest, mark and estimate standing timber on sales areas, figure loss on burns, gather forage and silvicultural specimens, trace forest telephone trouble on horseback, ride into outlying ranger districts to straighten files, settle disputes over grazing allotments, issue sheep passing permits, measure rainfall and waterflow, initi-

ate timber sales and special-use permits, conduct ranger examinations, keep up routine office and accounting work, pack supply mules for field camps, officiate with soaked gunny-sack or at washboilerful of food on the fire-line, transport emergency fire rations, or (in dreary pomp) remain at headquarters as acting forest supervisor when everyone else was out on the scene of action, fire fighting or at a co-operative supervisors' meeting on another forest.

Outside of Government Service

In the direct line of scientific forestry and forest conservation, for the technically trained woman there are numerous opportunities outside of government service, and with wider scope for expression. There are the college and high school teacher-ships of theoretical forestry subjects; executive secretaryships (not clerical-stenographic) in lumber sales and development organizations; consulting and advisory places in sales, production and technological departments of lumber and wood products manufacturing companies; with advertising agencies handling lumber accounts; with publicity organizations promoting the lumbering industry of a region. There are profitable possibilities in consultation service for wood-lot owners (farmers and communities); for tree surgery, infestation control and silvic welfare; for small lumbering interests and privately owned forested estates. There are places on civic tree planting and park commissions, state forests, city park systems, road and street improvement bodies and subdivision realty companies laying out suburban properties.

It has perhaps been more of an outworn belief than a tradition that forestry is a profession unsuited to or beyond the abilities of women. Even technical men foresters prefer to hire and direct a skilled tree chopper, be it man or woman, when it comes to felling timber.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Be firm! One constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid Yankee pluck.

—*Holmes.*

It is much easier to charge with the
bayonet than to trudge along with the
knapsack.—*F. T. Bayley.*

An ounce of performance is worth a ton
of complaint.—*Roosevelt.*

Many a man acts like a genius when all
that ails him is indigestion.—*Optimist's
Calendar.*

A CARNIVAL OF FIRE

A Brush Heap Blaze That Gathered Men and Women for Miles Around and Loosed Their Bonds

Twenty-five years ago this night I—a child then—saw a great crowd of people, young and old, grow drunk on fire.

We had lived almost a year on the Kerris place, and during the better part of that year my father had used his spare time and that of the two hired men to clean the brush out of the fence rows. My father said that if there was anything which he despised it was an untidy fence. A farmer, he said, may be judged by his fences.

Instead of burning the brush where it was cut, he gathered it all in one stack in a field which lay next to the house. There was at about the center of the field an enormous rock, and he piled the brush on this. The pile became enormous—larger than the house, larger even than the barn.

During the spring sowing and the hay harvest it lay there. People passing on the road stopped to admire it.

The Great Brush Pile

Twenty-five years ago this evening, at the supper table, my father said: "We'll burn that brush pile tonight. I've been waiting for an evening like this—no wind and a rain coming."

It was a very hot night—hot and still and sultry.

One of the hired men carried a great forkload of straw from the barnyard to the brush pile. My father sprinkled the wood about this with the dirty oil which he had saved from the gasoline engine.

He dipped a corn cob into the oil; lit the cob and threw it among the straw. Fire shot straight up from the straw. Within a minute the brush pile was ablaze.

It had just fallen dark. The fire threw orange and violet lights far into the sky. Dinner bells began ringing in the neighborhood. People thought the house was afire.

Neighbors Come from Miles Away

Within an hour the house yard and the barnyard were filled with buggies and saddle horses. From as far as five and six miles away whole families had come, thinking a building was burning. When they saw that it was a bonfire they stayed to enjoy it.

For two hours people from farther away kept arriving. They drove into the orchard and tied their horses to the trees and to the orchard fence.

The love of fire which all human beings inherit, the simple wonder at fire that makes men of all degrees stand silent to watch

any great blaze, came into the hearts of the hundreds who had gathered there.

For a time they stood about with their hands at their sides, looking, their eyes drinking the fantastic brandy of the spectacle. It was a strong drink. Eventually, they became drunk with it. A carnival of fire began.

Drunk with Fire

Their shouts rose above the road and crackle of the flames. At the edge of the island of light which the fire made in the darkness, there was great stir.

A half dozen young men galloped down the lane on horseback. They knew where there were dried cat-tails. They returned soon, and brought kerosene with them. They soaked the cat-tails in the oil, and lit them to make torches.

Other young men rolled up rags into tight balls, soaked these in kerosene, lit them, and, wearing canvas gloves, played catch with these balls of fire, throwing them high into the air.

The more serious of the middle-aged men got pitchforks from the barn and helped around the brush-pile, tossing back into the fire the clumps of twigs that fell away, keeping the edges of the bonfire symmetrical.

Other men gathered here and there in little groups and talked of great fires they had seen.

The older children made fire-balloons by pinning the four corners of a newspaper together to form a crude sphere. They laid these carefully on the grass and lit them. After it had burned, the charred paper, withered and contracted, held its shape and soared into the air because of the gases it contained.

And Merriment Prevails

A spirit of weird merriment came into the people who were participating in this festival of fire. They began talking wildly. They began acting like persons who had forgotten the nature of the world in which they lived.

In and out of the firelight, girls, their hair unpinned, their dresses flying, ran madly ahead of boys who chased them waving cat-tail torches. From the vineyard, which lay just beyond the light, came sudden articulations—laughter that was bold and hard and self-conscious.

There was a great bed of tansy on one side of the garden. Young men and young women rubbed their hands and faces with it and chased their friends to rub it upon them. A very small boy, on his hands and knees, munched sour clover and pretended that he was a certain horse.

There was a stretch of sod at one side of the garden, facing the fire. Here, with their feet in a dead-furrow, sat a half-dozen young women, drawn together by their common maternity, nursing their children. The light of the fire fell on their damp faces and breasts as they leaned toward each other, discussing the innumerable interests of child-rearing.

The Fire Dies Out

The boys became prankish, they changed the wheels on the buggies. They crossed the lines on the horses. They filled spring-wagons with stones. The girls who were too timid to run into the vineyard with the bold boys, but too much excited by the fire to remain prim, climbed trees or wandered about in groups, laughing loudly.

Midnight came. It was far past the farmer's bedtime. Yet no one wanted to go home. They looked regretfully at the fire, which had become smaller and more vehement now. A few young people built a little bonfire of their own and amused themselves by jumping over it.

The east was sick with dawn before most of the buggies left. As the fire diminished, the people sang. They were trying to hold fast to the waning excitement. But their songs became slower. From "Frog Went a-Courting" and "Weevily Wheat" they changed to "Sadie Ray" and "Beulah Land."

One family, departing in its surrey, fell unanimously asleep in the lane, leaving the way home to the horses.

While I slept, in the morning, there was a thunderstorm. While we ate breakfast the rain stopped.

"Let's go and look at that rock," my father said.

The rock, heated by the fire and cooled by the rain, had broken into a hundred pieces. Steam rose from the cracks.

"I guess we can move it out of there now," my father said.

—*Jake Falstaff in the New York World.*

Now o'er the landscape dreary and forsaken,
Like some thin veil by unseen fingers shaken,

The snow comes softly hovering through the air,

Flake after flake in crossing threads of white,

Weaving in misty mazes everywhere,
Till forest, field and hill are shut from sight.

—*Charles Lotin Hildreth.*

The smile is mightier than the grin.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Squash Muffins

Mix $\frac{2}{3}$ cup of cooked squash and 1 cup milk, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and 1 egg well beaten. Sift together thoroughly $\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour, 3 tablespoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon and add to the first mixture, and then add 1 tablespoon melted butter. Beat thoroughly, and bake in hot buttered gem pans 25 minutes.

Corn Pudding

One quart fresh corn cut from cob, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 3 eggs, beaten slightly; 2 cups milk, 3 tablespoons melted butter. Mix together well.

Put all the ingredients in a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven until firm.

Rice Dessert

Butter a mould or deep dish and in it spread a layer of well cooked hot rice. On this layer of rice spread a layer of mashed ripe raspberries or raspberry jam, then make another layer of rice. Continue alternating in this way until a pint of rice has been used. Let it stand until cold, then turn it out and serve with sweetened cream or cold custard.

Handy Hints

Foods that spoil readily, such as milk, soup stock and meats, should always be kept in the coldest part of the refrigerator.

Dahlia, gladiolus and cannas should be put in winter storage before the ground freezes. Any time after the first killing frost and before the ground becomes frozen will do.

Dip pie knife in cold water before cutting a lemon meringue pie and it will be much easier to serve it.

A good way to keep pumpkin is to dry it. Cut into thin slices and place around fire to dry. When wanted for use soak an hour or two, then cook in the usual way.

Metal door hinges should be washed frequently in warm soap suds and when wiped dry the hinges should be rubbed with oil to prevent rusting.

Use scissors to remove seeds and pulp from green peppers when they are being prepared for stuffing.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

JACKY'S JACKKNIFE

Jacky Brown's college uncle sent a check all filled out but the amount of money for his small nephew to get himself a jackknife. Everybody laughed when the letter was read, and Jacky laughed, too. You see the college uncle did not know Jacky very well, as he had only seen him when he was a baby. He had never heard that Jacky had lost seven knives in his short life.

"I'm going to get the biggest and stoutest knife I can find," said Jacky. "I can't lose that. I'm going to be a Boy Scout when I'm big enough, and it will be nice to have a big knife then."

Then everybody laughed again, which was not very polite, but Jacky didn't care. He had an idea in his head but he did not tell it.

"Now laugh all you want to," said Jacky when he came home with a splendid big knife with a chain which was fastened to his trousers in the back. "I can't lose this."

"You can if you lose yourself," said his big brother Tom.

"It's a good knife to have if you meet a bear," the man said," explained Jacky, fingering the precious knife.

"Yes, or a good knife to have if you happened to get into a big hollow tree and was forced to cut your way out," said Uncle Ben. "I've heard of things like that."

The chain was stout, so Jacky had the knife all during the autumn and winter, but there were not many things to cut in winter and he never met a bear on his way to school. Still it was nice to know that if a bear did come out of the woods by the big bridge the knife was there ready.

All the children were working quietly in the little country school one afternoon when Jacky broke into a loud laugh.

"I just can't help it, Miss Dorothy," he said. "A little stream of water is running in at the door and it looks so funny."

Miss Dorothy jumped up. Such a thing had never happened in the schoolroom before. She was more frightened when she saw that the fields around the schoolhouse were covered with water, and it was rising rapidly. The road was entirely covered. By the time she reached the door the children were drawing up their feet, and presently they were climbing on top of their desks.

"Hurry! Hurry!" cried Miss Dorothy, piling some chairs on top of her desk. "We must go to the loft. The dam must have broken through."

They were wet and frightened, as they scrambled up with the teacher's help, but presently they were safe in the loft. It was hot and dark up there and very dirty, but nobody cared for that, as long as the water was not coming up to them. Miss Dorothy sat by the hole in the floor to watch the water, but she was glad to see that it was only half-way up the blackboard.

Of course all this time fathers and mothers were getting out boats and wondering what had become of the children.

"I'm going to cut a hole in the shingles with my big jackknife," said Jacky at last. "We can put our heads out of a hole and holler."

It did not take long for the stout knife to make a big opening, and soon a dozen voices were shouting to some weeping people away on the other side of the muddy, angry waters. Such shouting as came back to tell them the waters were going down and they would soon be rescued!

"We're all right, but we're awful hungry!" screamed Jacky.

That night between bites Jacky took the big knife out of his pocket and said, "I don't think I'll ever meet a bear, but the knife was nice to have this afternoon."

—Hilda Richmond, in *The Mayflower*.

GOD'S WINTER WONDERS

The Sky—at Night

It is black now, lighted with stars. They are not all lighted at once. One big one over our barn is lighted first, then the little ones are turned on; by and by they blaze out all over the sky. I wonder where the buttons are that are pressed.

No Literary Hash

Book Agent: "Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?"

Steve Kupfer: "No!"

B. A.: "Or a Robert Stevenson?"

S. K.: "No!"

B. A.: "Or a Gene Field?"

S. K.: "No, we ain't, and what's more, if you're looking for them fellows, you might try the boarding-house across the street."

THE HARD JOB

It's good to do the hard job, for it's good to
play the man,
For the hard job strengthens courage which
the easy never can,
And the hard job, when it's over, gives the
man a broader smile,
For it brings the joy of knowing that he's
done a thing worth while.

Oh, stand you to your hard job with the
will to see it through,
Be glad that you can face it and be glad
it's yours to do;
It is when the task is mighty and the out-
come deep in doubt,
The richest joys are waiting for the man
who'll work it out.

Beyond the gloom of failure lies the glory
to be won
When the hard job is accomplished and the
doubtful task is done,
For it's manhood in the making and it's
courage put to test,
So buckle to the hard job—it's your chance
to do your best.

—Edgar A. Guest.

THE GOOD OLD EARTH

I want to be an angel,
But I'm in no great fret
To soar away, I'd rather stay
Right here awhile, you bet!
Give me the world's glad laughter
And hearts of sterling worth;
Away with the hereafter,
I love the good old Earth.

O Earth! A tender mother
You've been to me and mine,
I'm blest with friend and brother,
With meat and bread and wine.
I will not say I'm yearning
To try another sphere:
Such gracious things your goodness brings
I love to linger here.

My neighbor, Deacon Watkins,
Keeps sighing for to go
'Cross Jordan's strand to that fair land
Where healing waters flow.
But just the other day he ate
Some stuff that made him sick,
And he told his folks to rush and get
The doctor, double-quick!

—Nixon Waterman.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.

Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer of Sunshine Funds, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

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To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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3. Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

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